



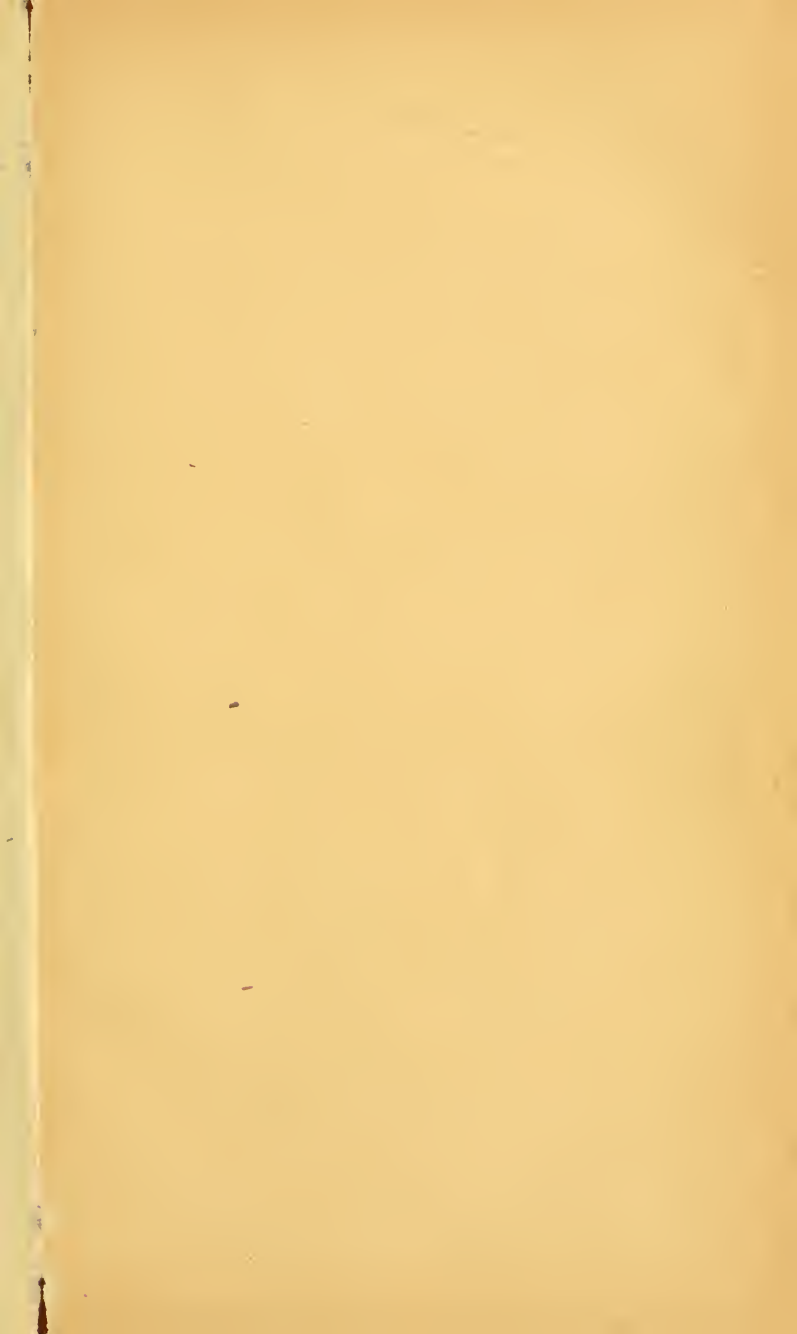
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THE
BATTLE OF FRANKLIN,
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THE LITTLE GIRL AT SPANISH FORT,
AND
OTHER POEMS.

BY
JAMES McCARTY OLIVER.



PHILADELPHIA:
J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.
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P R E F A C E.

IT is impossible, in presenting this little volume to the public, that I should not entertain some concern as to the manner of its reception; indeed, I believe that an expectation of some kindness and favor is a natural element in the mind of any writer, whether of prose or poetry, who feels, from the consciousness of originality in his thoughts and sentiments, any title, however small, to the consideration of his fellow-men. I will, therefore, not attempt to conceal the fine gratification it would afford me for any composition of mine to attract the attention of fine-hearted ladies and gentlemen; but, while I am thus so open to avow the satisfaction which would arise from the favorable notice of those who love the playgrounds of the poets, and who pause to catch even the slightest palpitations of the breathing Muse,

I am, nevertheless, free to confess my supreme and concentrated contempt for the opinion of that other more numerous class of persons whose judgments have been so perverted by silly bigotry, or whose avarice has given such metallic heaviness to passions, otherwise glowing and elastic, as to render them utterly incapable of being moved by any expression of thought, however heroic, pathetic, generous, or noble. This world, with its multitudinous beauties ever showering like star-beams, snow-flakes, and flowers, as well as human happiness, as developed and perfected in the lofty association of intellectuality, sentiment, and feeling, is in vain for them. Like the senseless seaweed that holds its useless existence in the ever-troubling ebb and flow, so they, to no purpose, toil and live in the tide of men but to perish from the earth alike unknowing and unknown. With these I profess to hold nothing in common ; and, so far as subsidiary to any idea of respect, not even the slightest anxiety to please. With the humblest estimate of my small abilities, I have written only for those who love the poetic principle, and who are ever ready to encourage it, whether discovered gleaming in meteoric splen-

dor or faintly shining as in the infinitesimal scintillations of the smallest diamond. Whatever may be the case, and however the circumstances may convolve, I shall at least consider myself more than highly rewarded if my little book, even for one brief hour, should become the companion of those who love the measures of the rhymers—those who have felt their hearts leaping to their mouths at the first warm whispers of passionate love, been filled with enthusiasm at the roar of the battle, gazed in rapture at the thousand twinkling eyes of twilight, or worshipping now at the altar of innocent childhood, melted into tears at tender tales of virtue and distress. Such hearts as these are the friends of misfortune, and at once constitute, by an electrical continuity of communion, all that is beautiful, brilliant, pathetic, lovely, and sublime in the society of generous and expansive refinement. And, to conclude, I would congratulate them here that they wear the badge of perpetual youth and shall be young forever; for the flowers of sympathetic feeling, which the sunshine and tear-drops of Nature nourish, are ever green, and the bosom in which they spring can hardly surrender them even in death! Or, in the

more beautiful and expressive language of the poet Wordsworth,—

My heart leaps up when I behold
The rainbow in the sky !
So was it when my life began,
So is it now, I am a man,
So let it be when I grow old,
Or let me die !

LAKE, MISS., Sept. 23, 1869.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
The Battle of Franklin	9
The Sailor Boy's Reply	25
Miss Katurah's Novelette	30
The Little Girl at Spanish Fort	33
The Miser	35
The Shipwreck	37
The Lesson of the Little Maid	39
I cannot Love but One	41
Verses on the Death of an esteemed Lady Friend	44
My Mother Dear, 'tis Thee!	45
The Heart of the Baby Lady	47
Monticello	49
Lord Byron's Lament	51
Ah! Well I do Remember!	53
To Hattie	55
The Song of the Rocky Mountain Hunter	57
To Gussie	59
A Summer Invitation to Miss Alice	61
I Remember the Time	63
On the Fall of Herbert Warren	65
The Setting Sun	67
The Specter Name	69

	PAGE
To Blanche	71
To * * * * *	72
To Stella	73
On the Fall of Capt. Gill Holland	75
To Fascinating Phebie, of Huntsville, Ala.	76
Written in the Album	77
To the Same	78
An Acrostic	79
The Gentle Stream that Sweetly Stole	85
Written in an Album	87
Oh ! Ne'er let thy Soul be Desponding	88
Lines	90
My Soul would Drink of Music Now	92
Verses	94
Oh ! how Joyous is my Dreaming	96
The Rose	97
I'll Keep my Heart for Thee	98
Come ! Come, my Claud !	100
Oh ! If that Crimson Bird can charm	102
Where the Winds are Wailing Sadly	103
A Reply to the Call of Conservatism	104
Notes	107

THE
BATTLE OF FRANKLIN.

DEDICATION
OF
THE BATTLE OF FRANKLIN.

COL. BUSH JONES,
Marion, Ala.

COLONEL,—Allow me to express the proud delight which I now feel, in dedicating THE BATTLE OF FRANKLIN to you; thus giving some public testimonial of my continued appreciation of the many kindnesses at your hands, which falling on my heart, while incandescent and malleable from the fires of battle, secured a weld of friendship without a flaw. May your whole life be an unbroken scene of pleasurable enjoyment and happiness, augmented and magnified to its very close by the elevating companionship of generous industry, in the pursuit of contentment and virtue: and, as your career through the late civil war developed to your brother officers every brilliant and dazzling characteristic of the Southern Hero, may your future footsteps in the paths of peace give a dignity overflowing with beauty and vitality to what is meant by that familiar but potent appellation—Conservative Citizen. Again, my dear Colonel, with the assurance of my lasting friendship and regard, I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

THE AUTHOR.

LAKE, MISS., Sept. 23, 1869.

The Battle of Franklin.

I.

DEAR are the memories of the past;—
Of fields where heroes breath'd their last!
Led on by Freedom's glowing gaze,
They boldly braved the battle's blaze;
To Glory's giddy heights they press'd,
Receiv'd their crown, and there they rest
Honor'd and loved!—while 'long the clouds,
Perhaps, their spirits walk in crowds—
Smiling starlike down, and telling
Unmeasur'd joy of Virtue's dwelling!
Miltiades! how many a soul,
Millions on millions, dost thou control?—
Still kindling them with deeds, which thine,
'Rose, proud and pluck'd from Persia's line!
Yes! patriot' glow of mighty soul
Shall live while earth and ocean roll;
And when convulsive Nature dies,
'Mid crackling worlds and crumpling skies,
In fresh'ning vigor, once again,
'Twill hive in heaven, and there remain!
For it was sealed a gift to man
Ere the bright sun his course began!

Yes! when God ordered in his thought
The grand creation which he wrought,
And set the long schedule of time;—
He saw the tyrants, in their crime
Of red ambition, gorged and crown'd
O'er purple years and people bound,
And moving in Omnipotent Heart
He fixed the ever-vital flame
As Virtue's cheering counterpart!
There are no odds; it gilds the same
The Grecian, Roman, Native name;
On land, or sea, in every clime,
The genuine spark lights up sublime;
For Freedom makes all hearts akin,
Within whose depths her home hath been;
And pours the essence of her prayer
About them like the breathing air!
Thus it hath been, and still shall be,
Till chains are broke, and limbs are free;—
Till in the Tropics, and in the Snow,
All Earth shall own the lofty glow;
And every nation, 'neath the sun,
Worships some mighty Washington!

II.

'Twas on the Harpeth's bloody marge,
Our comrades made the daring charge:

With steady tramp and deaf'ning yell,
They braved the hissing ball and shell
That thickly through the darkness fell :
With front as firm as e'er the shore,
The tumbling billows lay before,
Through thunders rolling everywhere,
And lightnings leaping in the air,
Which made the rattling ridges glare,
Still, bravely onward did they press
Like heroes, who but seem'd to guess
Of passing Death's defile, or die,
To make a path for Liberty !
Two lines of works our comrades won,
And, now, the Foeman had but one.
Along this line, still thickly lying,
He boldly sent his death-shots flying,
While nobly rushed our gallant Braves,
Some won the works—some found their graves !
Here you might see, where patriots fell
For native land they loved so well !—
Brave comrades lying 'long the ground,
Where Glory's hands had lain them down.
And you might mark here, in your min',
The waving, rallying, charging line ;—
Like attitude, in every form,
Behold, in all, who braved the storm !
For they fell still pointing to the foe—
Each bravely daring first to go ;—
Their guns still clinch'd in lifeless hand,
As if about to do command ;

As if in all, the single thought,
Of common action, just had wrought.
And you might see like twilight sky,
A light subdued in every eye,
As though each heart, the bloody while,
Was cheer'd by Honor's sweetest smile,
To know they'd found, what next they'd crave
To Victory—a Soldier's Grave!
Heroes of the Ranks! ah, who can tell?—
How in that redly throbbing hour,
Ye shouted in the leaden shower,
Or how fearlessly ye fell!
Your names are written on the roll
Of those approved the "Grand in Soul!"
Uncounted centuries before
Your patriot hearts devotion bore,
Your lot was cast to find the fate
Which God had granted for the Great!
The ceaseless years that roll away
Can never dim the meteor' ray
With which you lit that glorious day!
The harvest, teeming by your side,
Your posts of Honor cannot hide;—
All Time! shall see the sacred spot
Where herb and seed are planted not—
Save flowering beauties, which your fair
And virtuous sisters scatter there!
And friend and foe, in reverence bound,
Alike, your graves shall gather 'round,
Exclaiming—"These, yes! these are they
Who won the field upon that day!

These are they who, with wild huzzahs,
Charg'd champions of their country's cause,
And bravely bore their bleeding South
Above the blazing cannon's mouth !”

III.

But to return : The reeking wrath
Of battle paused not in its path.
The field was bloody, but the most
Of carnage that dark line can boast,
Where the Locust Grove still thickly stands
And lifts on high its leafless hands :
Here, stricken limb and ball-scarr'd form,
Proclaim the climax of the storm !
Along this grove did many a brave
Find—ah ! what all must find—a grave !
Here Clebourne charged, while his big heart
Revenge and Valor strove to part :—
Ambition's royal light did shine
Bright from his eye, as 'gainst the line
He led his brave and gallant men,
Who never knew a fear, and then,
Prince of Southern Braves, he fell
Where—and where ?—The World shall tell !
Here, 'midst the mighty carnival,
Granberry heard the martyr's call ;
And leaping o'er the purple tide,
That wildly gushed from side to side,

With plumes as spotless as the snow,
And triumph beaming from his brow,
He loudly answer'd to his name,
And fixed his fellowship with Fame!
Here, too, proud Carter—having dared
The very lightnings as they glared—
A moment gazing from the verge
Of valor, made his last grand surge:
Like as I have seen, on frowning height,
The well-worn eagle hoard his might,
As mustering clouds multiplied the storm,
Whose thundering strength still assailed his form,
Then, all at once, kindling with th' unconquer'd
fire

That burnt the wild bosom of his cliff-born sire,
Spread his broad wings for the loftier sky
And dash with wonder every gazing eye!
Here passed the gallant Gist—and Strahl—
And Adams, valorous as them all:
Like some old hero grand in song
On battle-steed, the war-clouds 'mong,
He swept that fiery marge along,
Far to the front of his command,
Recheer'd the charge and waved his hand,
Then, 'gainst the rampart's reeking side
Plunged, like a thunerbolt, and died!
Here many fell!—But above the rest,
Who in this stormy grove have press'd,
One sleeps, for whom the softest line
Should flow and fairest garland twine;

For he fell in the dear, familiar yard
Of his native home ; on the sloping sward,
Where it is said, three years before,
A soldier stepp'd from his mother's door,
He paused, to take a long, last look
On forms that in his heart he took ;—
With a throbbing breast and a changing cheek,
To his mother, one last farewell speak !
Brave soldier, rest ! The world around
Could not afford you sweeter ground.
Here first your eyes did drink the light
Of your native clime, so fair and bright ;
Here was your heart ; your mother's home ;
And here, the quiet, little room,
Where first she clasped your infant hands
And taught you what our God commands,
Or with a kiss of anxious care
She heard you lisp your little prayer !
Happy hero ! Beside you rest
Your comrades, altars, all loved best !
Old Harpeth, on whose banks you lie,
Still spreads his copy of the sky ;
Or, now, all trembling in his bed
With joy, he lifts his watery head,
And conscious of his mighty fame,
Goes sounding onward with your name !
The dear old grove, though scarr'd by ball,
Still bears its branches 'bove you all
And winds, as sweet as the voice of Hope,
Shall softly woo the gentle slope,

Till Nature, from her dewy wing,
Fair daisies o'er your beds shall fling.
Brave soldier, rest!—'neath the Locust rest!—
Though 'twas in vain you bared your breast,
Ambition, Honor, Virtue, Love,
Like sentinels surround the grove,
And guard, with never-ceasing care,
The quiet sleep of heroes there!

OCCASIONAL POEMS.

DEDICATION
OF
OCCASIONAL POEMS.

MR. WILLIAM A. FLOWERS,
Smith Co., Miss.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—In dedicating to you my “Occasional Poems,” I avail myself, through your kind permission, of that advantage and consideration, which the use of your virtuous name would, alone, secure for their publication.

Our intercourse, since the first moment of our acquaintance, has been a continuity of mutual friendship and esteem; as well as an unfailing source of gratification and pleasure.

To one like yourself, ever alive to the finest impulses which animate the human heart, it is unnecessary for me to say more than that you have my truest regard, and most appreciative consideration. May your future, ever cheered by the society of your estimable lady, amid all the undulations of fortune, which wait upon human life, be still as serene, as happy, and as pure, as some quiet lake, which nestles itself in security even among the mountains, and forgetting the storms, which fret the world, passes the placid hours of its existence in reflecting the very face of heaven, and the wisdom of its Creator.

Your true friend,

THE AUTHOR.

LAKE, MISS., Sept. 23, 1869.

The Sailor Boy's Reply.

IT was a bright-eyed Sailor Boy,
Alone on yonder strand :
A ship he drew,
Her sails, her crew,
Down in the sand
With his right hand,
And wrote—"The Belle of Ocean's Blue—
To sail for Fairy Land !"

I laughed to see the Sailor Boy,
His bright blue eye now beam with joy,
As he would give command,—
"Swing anchor clear—now heave—ahoy !
Shift the sails
To grasp the gales,
And lightly leave the land !"

The laugh heard he ;—
He raised his eye,
A blush suffused his face,
And from the sand,
With his right hand,
The ship he did erase.
"O Sailor Boy, why from the sand
Did you the ship erase ?"

His curling, clustering hair with grace
He shook from off his honest face,
And fair he looked at me,—
Then dropped his eye, as if just then
His youthful mind a doubt did ken,
Whether I wished to laugh again,
Or chide his boyish glee.
Again I asked—"Why from the sand
Did you the ship erase?"

Quoth he—"O sir,
As my mother,
I love the boundless sea—
I love on waves to roam,
I love the wild winds whistling free,
Through rattling sails, the sea—the sea—
O sir, it is my home!"

Said I—"But stand,
Survey the land,
How charming eastward! look!—
Behold the hills, the red sun screen,
The length'ning slopes of living green,
The lake, the ferns, the fence between,
And there the babbling brook:
Oh! see how pleasing every scene,
Forget this stormy sea,
Dare death no more for islands green,
But lord the land with me!"

He threw his glance upon the scene,
Then turned with eyes of joy,
And there to me,
And thus to me,
Spoke out the Sailor Boy !

“ O sir, 'tis sweet to view the lake—
The hills, the brook, the ferny brake,
'Tis sweet to see the round sun rise,
And paint with red the eastern skies ;
But sweeter far,
To me, the star
That kindles trembling o'er the deep,
Like light-house in the sky,
When Tempest comes with fearful sweep
And calls the Waves
From ocean's caves
To march them mountain high !

“ Oh ! sweet to me is every change,
However calm or wild or strange ;—
The sudden smack,
When black clouds crack,
The lightning's flash between,
Or the calm hue
Of ocean's blue,
When clouds have fled
To their distant bed,
And smiles the sky serene !—
When storms are pass'd,
And the white canvas,

Like sea-bird's wing is seen,
Flapping the noble vessel fast
Over the crystal sea ;--
As like a line of light along
The mirrored smiles of Heaven among
The white foam follows free ;
While Danger lies on the rolling waves
By Zephyrs lull'd to sleep,
And dread Destruction seeks his caves
Beneath the azure deep !

“ Oh, Christ ! how grand it is to see
The sun descending in the west,
And sinking down all tranquilly
Into the Ocean's breast !
And when the Night begins to creep,
What can be lovelier than to see
The bright stars, from their homes on high,
Stepping in silver 'long the sky,
Or, with a thousand twinkling flames,
Burning their bright and brilliant names
Down in the drowsy deep !

“ Tell me no more
Of land or shore,
It binds my boyish prime,
But give to me
The boundless sea,
Where Nature walks sublime !

In some ship's mast,
There, firm and fast,
Oh! let my hammock be,
And rapture feel,
As cuts her keel
The big and briny sea!

“Yes! make my home
In Ocean's foam,
'Mong raging winds and waves,
By craggy cliffs and stormy steeps,
And near the muttering caves!”

Miss Katurah's Novelette.

'TWAS mellow evening in the month of May,
And the blending blushes of the dying day
Were sweetly stealing from our leafy bower,
Like fading crimson from the fainting flower ;
When fair Katurah told this tale so dear,
In silvery accents, to my anxious ear ;
Then, coyly, tossing from her beauteous brow
Soft, silken curls, whose amaranthine flow
Fell fondly twining o'er her breast of snow,
Through sweet smiles showering o'er my heart,
 she said,
Like music syllabled, " Have e'er you read
The lovely lyric, that I like so well,
Lord Ullin's Daughter, by Hope's own Camp-
bell ?"—
And now, as if my answer having guess'd,—
" Then were not friendship too severely press'd,
Perhaps I might presume this one request—
That in such bars of gentle verse you'd set
The simple story of my novelette !"
Fair girl ! how pleasantly thy friend complies,
Or well or ill, as his power supplies,
Here mayst thou read with thine own bright eyes ;
If the lines enchanted, do not fondly turn
Into admiration, as they beam and burn !

“Not yet ! not yet !” the brother said—

“Have Meadie’s maids assembled ;
Suppose we walk, while thus delayed :”
And speaking, see, he trembled !

Spoke Robert then in careless glee—

“A pleasant stroll may steady
My heart, in happiness so free,—
Come, come, for I am ready !”

And walking, now, they pass the gate,
The viny lane are going,
When hark ! those hasty words of hate,
From traitor lips now flowing !

*“Here in my heart—Here ! Robert Reid,
My blood-red oath has waited,
Oh ! never shall my sister Mead
To one like thee be mated !”*

The dagger gleams ! and Robert’s side
With love and life is dyeing
The earth, as ebbs his crimson tide ;
The coward far is flying !

He sighs—“My Mead”—She hears !
Is there !—her bridals ’bout her snowing,
And she is but a throbbing prayer
To flow, as he is flowing !

In locked embrace, or death, or life,
Still dearer now than ever ;
He calls his darling Mead—“My wife”—
“To part”—“Oh ! Robert, never !”

"Alive or dead, still are we wed !
This dagger shall not sever,
And thus with thee to the wedding bed
I follow on forever !"

She said : and quickly circling wide
The self-same dagger gleaming,
The blade she buries in her side
And lets her life-blood streaming !

* * * * *

Their dirge was rung by village bells,
And still their tongues are sighing
A faint, low chime of many knells,
The song of Virtue dying !

Above him blooms a crimson Rose,
His heart's devotion telling ;
And on her grave the Lily grows
And smiles above its dwelling !

And maidens say, when shadows fall
And gentle dews are weeping,
Those flowers to each other call,
While all the world is sleeping !—

And, too, they tell, that sighs engage
There, sadly, 'mong the grasses,
And hint a tale of love and rage
To every one that passes !

The Little Girl at Spanish Fort.

O'ER Spanish Fort the cannon's breath,
With sounding shell, now scatters death !
"Hoarse thunders," from the mortar's throat,
O'er day and darkness ever gloat,
While 'long the red and bristling line
A hundred leaping lightnings shine,
And every element of war
Rolls mingling in eternal jar !
And yet, amid so much of dread,
A little girl—I've heard it said—
Stood near the Fort, unmoved and still,
Save that tears her eyes did fill ;
The soldiers saw her standing there,
They thought of home, and had a care !

Said one to her—" My little girl,
Why are you standing here,
Amid so much of sounding death,
And yet you do not fear ?"

Said she—" Oh ! sir, my mother heard
That my papa was dead ;
I came to see, from the Western shore,
For she was sick in bed.

“She told me, when I reached the Fort,
 To tell the soldiers there,
 My father died, behind the works,
 And they’d be kind and fair.

“She told me, too, I must not fear
 The big guns sounding nigh,
 That God would shield good little girls
 And would not let them die.”

Just as she spoke, her father came ;
 Though wounded in his arm,
 He caught his darling child and press’d
 Her to his bosom warm !

The love that filled that father’s heart,—
 The joy that shook that child,
 Oh, I could never, never tell,
 It was too deep and wild !

The Miser.

I.

WHERE yon black Prairie in pride extends,
On its bosom bearing the fertile soil,
That the mouldering matter of ages lends
And the full grain grows by the merest toil,
A miserable Miser reaped his spoil,
And had garnered together a treasured heap,
Far in quiet calm from the busy broil
Of worldly bustling and confusion deep,
Which throng the cities where brisk Trade and
Commerce keep.

II.

In the little cottage that crowns the hill,
All alone he dwelt and deem'd him free,
With his million wealth, from all earthly ill:
But, ah, that terrible monster Death! he
Who proudly lords the land and sweeps the sea,
Did mix him in a mighty storm, one day,
And singing his songs, in the thunder's glee,
With the live lightning leaped in horrid play,
Destruction hurled, and snatched the selfish soul
away!

III.

Where now his wide domain of goodly lands ?
And precious piles of glittering gold ?
Here !—but where is *he* ? This example stands
A wreck upon the shore of time ; behold !
And contemplate the truths it doth unfold :
He who so loves his wealth as not to feel
Love for humanity within his soul,
But with heart cold as ice, and hard as steel,
Can hear the hungry cry without a wish to heal—

IV.

Is as the mark of Cain on Nature's brow,
And mars the charming beauty of her face ;
He friendless lives !—his fellow-man his foe !
Dreadful Death delights, soon or late, to trace
Corruption on his countenance, and place
The vile disgrace to life, low in the lea,
There to lie forgotten ! to rot and waste,
Like the veriest cur ;—his knell to be
His last groan, and his putrid stench his history !

.

The Shipwreck.

A DITHYRAMBIC ODE.

THERE'S something of sorrow in the sound of
the sea

As it swells o'er the sleeping shore,
And the wail of the winds, as they rush o'er the
waves,

Seems as though sighing o'er so many graves—
“Nevermore!” “Nevermore!”

While the mists that were mustered in clouds from
the caves,

Now send down their showers, in pitiless roar,
Solemnly chiming with the wailing winds,
As they sigh,
And they cry—
“Nevermore!” “Nevermore!”

Where the crags, like castles, tower grandly sub-
lime,

Looking sullenly down on the sounding sea,
There, dreadful Destruction has taken his stand;
And, terribly striking the waves with his hand,
As their white locks chime—

“Nevermore!” “Nevermore!”—

He clamorously calls the great ghost of the dead,
To dart through the darkness and dance on its
head !

Making time

With the chime

Of the wailing winds, and the rush of the waves
Through the throbbing mouths of the thundering
caves,

That lending

And blending,

With the lashing

And crashing

Of the roaring and raging sea,

Now swell the grand chorus,

Behind and before us,

So mournfully,

Dreadfully,

Terribly,

That seems the round earth rolling o'er !

Echoing,

Bellowing,

From shore to shore—

“Nevermore!” “Nevermore!”

.

The Lesson of the Little Maid.

THE shades were on the gentle lake—
Save where the lovely Moon did make
Her picture in the water—
While o'er its placid breast did float
A fairy-shaped and painted boat,
With Indian and his daughter.
The girl was by her father's side,
And as the boat did softly glide,
Her little, tiny hands she threw
Into the lake of liquid blue,
And often tried the moon to hold,
There, swimming like a ball of gold,
And tried and tried in vain.
Yet ever as the boat did glide
Lightly along the lagging tide,—
As it would pass from shade to shade,—
Still tried, this little Indian maid,
With like result, again, again,
To catch the pictured moon :
Till, now, the boat was lost to view,
'Mid shrubby trees, whose branches threw
Such somber, deep, and sullen shade,
That midnight, there, had safely made
Her black, yet airy throne !

There is a lesson, here, I said,
Now taught me by this little maid :
Thus are we floating on life's sea ;
And we are never, never free !—
Still bear our barks along the tide,
And as through calms and storms we glide,
We strive to catch the golden hour,
Till it has baffled all our power,
And then, at last, contented—never !
We sink beneath the wave forever !

I cannot Love but One.

I.

MY soul grows dark and darker still,
My heart is sadly moved,
For oh! it is a bitter thing
To love nor be beloved ;—
But let the shadows ever fall,
Until my course is run,
I'll think of her who once was mine,
I cannot love but one !

II.

Or far or near, on land or sea,
Her face will oft appear,
To warn me from the stormy past,
But not to give me cheer ;
For now, she loves me not, I know,
Her heart, though once I won,
But what can matter this to me ?—
Since I can love but one !

III.

We'll meet no more, my Lady Love !
Your heart, to me, so cold,
Will, it may be, awake and feel
When you are growing old :
Then, you will think of that sad time,
As set the Western sun,
I came and called, you would not come,
When, still, I loved but one !

IV.

Ah ! what is life ?—and what is death ?
Is there not time to be,
When you shall answer why you clung
To every one but me ?
But let it pass ; 'tis over now ;
Strange lights upon you shone,
They wooed the current of your soul,
When, still, I loved but one !

V.

Farewell ! it is a dreary word,
And sad to speak to thee,
But 'tis the last you'll ever hear
From wanderer like me ;
I ne'er shall ask you back again,
But when my life is done,
My hand will be upon my heart ;—
In death, I'll love but one !

VI.

And after death, and my soul joins
The light of starry skies,
Or fondly floats on sighing winds,
And mingles with their sighs;—
When shine the stars,—when sigh the winds
Upon thine ear, alone,
Remember, that though 'mong the dead,
I still am loving one!

Verses on the Death of an esteemed Lady
Friend.

OH! bright were the tints shed over her grave
By her faith when we laid her to rest,
As the sun's melting blushes, that tenderly lave
His dark, cloudy couch in the West.

And sweet as the moon, at the death of the day,
And the stars, which glitter bright by her,
Did her soul, with its virtues, go flying away
To the Heaven, which life would deny her.

Now cold is the clay that wraps her form,
But the loving, she left behind her,
Shall treasure her name in hearts that are warm
As they were, when first they entwined her ;

And often, when evening's shadows shall fall,
And sweetly the light winds are sleeping,
Her pure, happy spirit shall tenderly call
Her husband and children from weeping.

Oh ! dearest of earth ! oh meet me—she'll say—
Where the angels in Heaven are shining,
All robed in white, for the wedding-day,
And garlands of love are twining !

My Mother Dear, 'tis Thee!

I.

THE shades are dark that shroud my life,
My fairest hopes have fled,
And blooms of joy that fed my heart
Have withered and are dead;
Yet o'er my breast a single gleam,
Like lighthouse beam at sea,
Still shines, to bid me watch and hope—
My mother dear, 'tis thee!

II.

True love may mean a thing that lives,
And glows, and gilds forever!—
'Twas thus I thought, and then I sought,
Alas, I found it, never!
Yet still there throbs one faithful heart
Will ever start for me;—
Though lone and wandering o'er the world;
My mother dear, 'tis thee!

III.

Oh! I have loved, and loved so wild,
It burned my breast and brain;

I'm sad to know I ne'er shall feel
That melting joy again.
Of her I loved I am bereft,
But still there's left to me
A friend whom Death alone can part,—
My mother dear, 'tis thee!

IV.

My soul has drank the living light
Of bright eyes, blue and fair,
And never dreamed that aught but love
Could wed with beauty there.
Alas! those eyes, I saw them beam
Like lightning's gleam at sea;
I know but one, whose e'er the same,—
My mother dear, 'tis thee!

The Heart of the Baby Lady.

LAST night when winds were blowing cold,
As we sat round the cheerful hearth,
Little Laura, just four years old,
Came laughing in her childish mirth;
And climbing up upon my knee,
The little queen of happy glee
Asked me to tell a story.
She looked so gentle, sweet, and kind,
She charmed my very heart and mind,
And straight I told her of big wars,
And of brave men who wore their scars,
And of tall ghosts, whose wild huzzahs
Might still be heard on every field;
But, most, I told the greater glory
Of men, who fought and would not yield,
But wildly leaped, on points of steel,
In Death's deep arms all gashed and gory,
Though many a lovely little girl,
Just like sweet, blue-eyed Laura is,
Was left behind in heartless world,
With no papa to love and kiss.
When said I this, I paused awhile
To hear what would reply the child.

I saw the tear fall on her cheek,
And soon her gentle heart did speak :—
“ Oh, sir ! that girl is cold to-night !
Go find her with a great big light,
Then put her in my little bed,
I’ll love her if her father’s dead !”
Such gentle words from one so young !
Such tenderness from her sweet tongue !
I thought I loved the child before,
I love her now, oh, how much more !

Monticello.

I.

MAJESTIC Monticello ! Proudest peak
Of Piedmont's rugged range ! to stand and
gaze
And contemplate thee, when the scarlet streak
Of sunset—lovely as the ruddy rays
Which tinge Italia's sky and poets praise—
Skirts thine extramundane head with subdued
Magnificence, is my delight. The days
Of Freedom's glorious deeds are imbued
And wrapt within thy being ! Of yore thou hast
stood

II.

The home of Jefferson ! the proud retreat,
Where the great statesman, when worn and
weary
From public service, wrapt his winding sheet—
His country's love—about him, and quietly
Withdrew from worldly woe and misery :
And thou standest now, the sarcophagus
Of Greatness ! the tomb of Immortality !
And on thy bosom bearing, next noblest dust
Of the world's mighty multitude, in sacred trust,

III.

Thou dost proudly lift thy lofty head high
Above the cloud-crown'd rocks of dimmest gray,
Which frown, like storm-built battlements, on thy
Thunder-smitten sides ; as if thou didst assay
To climb even higher than the lightnings play,
And bear his ashes onward to the sky,
Grieving for his spirit, which stole away
From thee, so calmly and so silently,
When Virtue claimed from Glory those that could
not die !

Lord Byron's Lament.

A SONG.

Suggested by his poem, beginning "My year is in the yellow leaf."

MY soul is sad as sad can be,
I'm all alone—alone !
There's not a single heart that beats
Which I can call my own ;—
My pride is drowning in mine eyes,
For those I loved are gone,
They're dead to me, forever dead ;—
I'm all alone—alone !

The hours hang heavy o'er my head,
The days are long as years,
That which charmed my life has fled,—
I have no joys or fears ;—
My breast is heaving like the sea,
By boldest breezes blown,
And Hope lies wreck'd upon my heart,
I'm all alone—alone !

Like a silver queen the sweet moon swims
And leads the stars on high,
And all look tenderly down on me,
As though they heard me sigh ;
Fair Twilight, with thy twinkling eyes,
To love thee I have grown,
But still the void is in my heart,
I'm all alone—alone !

Ah! Well I do Remember!

I.

THE gentle time,
The Vesper chime,
How well I do remember ;
The sun was golden in the West,
And winds were wooing Nature's breast,—
Ah! well I do remember!

II.

How fond I moved,
By thee and loved,
How well I do remember!
And how my bosom swell'd to know
My love was cherished by thee so,
Ah! well I do remember!

III.

Those words of thine,
That answered mine,
How well I do remember!
The gentle blush, the tender sigh,
The tear that glistened in thine eye—
Ah! well I do remember!

IV.

Alas! my heart,
That we did part,
How well I do remember!
And though we ne'er may love again,
The love, that lost itself in pain,
Ah! well I do remember!

To Hattie.

I.

THERE is an eye, whose glowing light,
TALL sweetly pure and purely bright,
Has made my spirit sigh to think
What draughts of splendor it could drink
Fore'er, if in affection free
That jeweled orb beamed but for me!

II.

There is a lip, whose ruby hue
Has searched my very being through,
As Modesty and Virtue, there
In silence said—"Forbear! Forbear!"
Oh Christ! how happy could I be,
If that sweet lip bloomed but for me!

III.

There is a hand, whose living white,
And touch of softness exquisite,
Has made my breast, in silence, own
A throb, which was before unknown;
Oh! could that hand my beacon be,
What honors yet might wait for me!

IV.

There is a heart, within whose well
Of deep rich blood, commingling dwell
Virtues, whose throbbing tones declare
A world of love and rapture there!
Oh! could my head forever be
But pillowed there, what joy for me!

V.

There is an eye, a lip, a hand,
And gentle heart, at One's command,
Whose tender light, smile, touch, and love,
Some manly soul's delight shall prove;—
My fondest prayer, whoe'er he be,
Is, lady, that he'll live for thee!

The Song of the Rocky Mountain Hunter.

I.

A WAY ! Away !—
'Tis break of day,
The huntsman's horn is sounding ;
Old Echo knocks
Among the rocks,
And sets the big-horn bounding !

II.

Oh ! listen well,
The sound will tell
The course which they are flying ;—
If 'long the lake
Their way they make,
You'll hear the thunder dying.

III.

But should they throng
The mountains 'long,
You'll hear the deep sound growing,

Like waves which leap
When tempests sweep,
With "deaf'ning clamors" roaring!

IV.

Then, up! Away!—
For grand and gay
The big-horn herds are bounding,
Their trampling thrills
The rocks and hills,
The solid earth resounding!

To Gussie.

I.

WHEN sad forebodings in my heart arise
And gloomy shadows settle on my soul,
What sight so dear to me as Gussie's eyes?
Ah! who like her can all my woes control?

II.

As the voice of Spring from rough Winter calls
The rose to leap and laugh its breath away,
So her sweet smile my anguish'd soul entralls,
And bids my heart to bloom in joy for aye.

III.

As the sunbeam strikes through the dark'ning
cloud,
And on its bosom the bright bow expands,
So gleams her glance through Sorrow's shade, and
proud,
In the length'ning beam, Hope exulting stands.

IV.

Like the babbling brooks, whose soft bubblings
tell

The pure yet stubborn source whence they do
flow

With prayer for her, e'er shall my bosom swell,
And on whispering winds to high Heaven go.

A Summer Invitation to Miss Alice.

I.

LADY! the lovely lake is glowing
Like some broad silver bud that's blowing
Beneath the splendid sun
When the bright day has begun,
And the sky
In its rich dye
Is like thine eye.
Wildly now the trout are leaping
From their deep delicious sleeping
Within the gentle wave;
While the green trees towering lofty
With their broad branches softly,
In the lake their pictures lave,
Tangling a truly tender shade,
To woo thy presence, lovely maid!
Then visit the lake, oh, sweet lady bright!
When glowing by day or when sparkling by night,
The face of fair Summer shall smile on thee there,
And silvery-tongued songsters thy welcome
declare!

II.

Lady, the lovely lake is beaming,
Beautiful with the gleaming
Of stars which nightly bright
In dancing diamond light
Become a guest
Upon its breast,
And are caress'd.
Softly now the breath of even,
Breathing from the vault of heaven,
Pours its music on the ear ;
And the wildly rapturous trilling
Of sweet night birds now is filling
All the air with notes so dear
That fancy hears them but compare
Wild wishes for their mistress there.
Then visit the lake, oh, sweet lady bright !
When glowing by day or when sparkling by night,
The face of fair Summer shall smile on thee there,
And silvery-tongued songsters thy welcome
declare !

I Remember the Time.

I REMEMBER the time, I remember the time,
'Twas on a bright evening in May,
And her voice was as sweet as the vesper chime,
And her eyes were like stars in their play,

When fondly she pledged, in her own native
bower,
That she lived but for love, and for me ;
Oh, darling ! no favor or hate hath the power
To force fond affection from thee !

These words in their gush, so endearingly sweet,
In a rapture, I sealed in my heart,
And I pressed her soft hand, and I said, " We shall
meet
When the sad war is o'er, and ne'er part !"

I remember the time, I remember the time,
'Twas when Winter was wearing away,
I returned, but I heard not her voice like the
chime,
Nor saw her sweet eyes in their play ;—
(63)

Yet a token was sent, which whispered adieu,
For the frowns of a father are here,
Still love me, my love, as I shall love you,
Far dearer than all that is dear !

Oh ! tell me, fair one, whose affection has felt
How endearing devotion can kneel,
When the heart that it worships has already knelt,
Does thy father still think the heart steel ?

Then let him remember how brightly it gleams
When the live, leaping lightnings appear ;—
How it gathers the bolt from the storm, and
redeems
All at once, with a crash, its career !

On the Fall of Herbert Warren.

I.

OH ! never has a nobler youth
For his fair country bled,
Than Herbert Warren, proud and brave,
Who sleeps among the dead ;
On Freedom's altar lying,
A martyr nobly dying,
Exultant, bright, and flying,
So his bold spirit sped !

II.

I have seen him stand undaunted
Where dangers gathered most ;
Marked him multiply his courage
To match the myriad host ;
And though the leaping thunder,
Above, around, and under,
Tore life and limb asunder,
Still stood he to his post !

III.

Herbert is no more ! Yes, Herbert
 So gallant, yet so mild !
 To other times he left his name,
 And lofty deeds, so wild !
 Calmly quiet he is sleeping,
 While Freedom, sadly weeping,
 Bedews the mosses creeping
 O'er the bosom of her child !

The Setting Sun.

'TWAS on a soft September's eve,
The winds were sweetly sighing,
And far within the melting West
The golden sun was dying.
My Love beheld the ruby glow,
The clouds with glory fretting,
And in poetic rapture cried—
“Behold, the sun that's setting !”

I gazed in joy ; and turning then,
To own the scene was splendid—
I caught the light of two bright eyes—
My admiration ended !
For there the living lines of light
So many virtues fretting,
Entranced me, so I quite forgot
The sun in splendor setting !—

Or if remembered was the scene,
'TWas in the prayer ascending—
Oh ! like that sun, may her life be,
Serenely sweet its ending !

And still may Hope, with violet beams,
E'er tenderly be fretting,
Whate'er may darken coming years,
Or cloud her spirit's setting!

The Specter Name.

A SONG IN RECURRING RHYME.

I.

NAY ! ask not why I tremble so
Whene'er that name is spoken,
And do not seek to know the woe
Of one whose heart is broken !—
Yes, broken !
Sighing,
Dying,
Bleeding, broken heart !

II.

Oh ! in that name there dwells a charm
Which ever claims a token ;
It shakes my soul with harm, alarm,
As though 'twould break the broken ;—
Yes, broken !
Sighing,
Dying,
Bleeding, broken heart !

III.

Then never may that specter name
By thy sweet lips be spoken,
To flush the cheek with shame or blame,
Of one whose heart is broken !—
Yes, broken !
Sighing,
Dying,
Bleeding, broken heart !

IV.

Nay ! start not, Love ;—I *will* forget
To give that *Name* its token ;
We *shall* be happy met,—and yet,—
Alas ! my heart is broken !—
Yes, broken !
Sighing,
Dying,
Bleeding, broken heart !

To Blanche.

SWEET BLANCHE, 'tis true, but once we've
met,
And yet deep in my soul
The light of thy bright, beaming eyes
Now burn beyond control.
'Twill matter not, or time or place,
I still shall think of thee;
And, darling one, oh, tell me this—
Wilt thou not think of me?

And wilt thou not, as stars shall shine
To crown the twilight hour,
Ask Heaven oft to watch and guard
Me 'gainst all evil power?
Oh, how 'twould cheer my checkered life
To know that one so fair
Not only kept me in her heart,
But kept me in her prayer!

To *****

IN thee I taught my heart to feel
I had a friend forever,
Who'd follow firm, thro' woe or weal,
And would forsake me never !
But, ah ! when Malice matched with Hate,
And whispering tongues were trying
My very soul to lacerate,
And faithful friends were dying—
Alas ! how vainly, then, I turned
To thee to soothe my sorrow,
For tears to quench the fires that burned,
And smiles to cheer the morrow !
How sweetly pure thy life had seem'd—
To Virtue how imposing—
Could she have seen, as lightnings gleam'd,
Thine arms my form still closing ;
Alas ! when those fierce flashes fill'd
My breast with sad repining,
No cheer from thee my bosom thrilled—
Thy love was not entwining ;
Yet, false and faithless as thou art,
How strange ! I love thee dearly ;
And, when I hear thy name, my heart
Reproves my will severely.

To Stella.

OH! the maid that I love
Has a Latin name,
Which in English means a star,
And well does she wear
The name without blame,
For in Virtue's sky
She circles high,
And shines, indeed, a star!

Oh! her voice is as sweet
As the song of the sea
Sweetly sung in the sounding shell,
And her eyes are as bright
As the diamonds of night,
And dazzle wherever they dwell.

Her thoughts are as pure
As the prayer of a babe
When pray'd from a fond father's knee,
And her heart is as true
As a heart can be made,
And wide as the brim of the sea.

Long love I the maid of the Latin name,
Which in English means a star;
Oh! long may she wear the name without blame,
And in Virtue's sky
Ever shine so high
That of beauty the World, as it passes by,
May contemplate The Star!

On the Fall of Capt. Gill Holland.

AH, why could not that beaming eye,
Which had so often watched the might
Of fiery foeman's flashing line,
Still retain its living light?
Ah, why so cold and stiff and still,
As if forgetting now his will,
That hand, across his pulseless breast,
Which, firmly grasping sword,
Waved in the front as he onward press'd,
And, charging, gave courageous word?
Maker of Earth, the Sea, the Sun,
Great God! the secret is Thine Own!
Thou gavest light unto his clay,
Best knowing when to quench the ray.
Spirit of the Universe! guard him well,
If he fought for freedom when he fell;
Mix his great soul with all thy light,
And, like the radiant stars of night
And "flowers wild," the world around,
Let his name and deeds be found,
Recheering freemen to the fight
Till Liberty is crown'd!

To Fascinating Phebie, of Huntsville, Ala.

FAIR Phebie !
I'm so happy
At the spell of glory, like starry sky,
That glances
And dances
From thy brightly beautiful black eye,
That I feel
My senses reel
And stagger to and fro,
At the beaming
And the gleaming
Of a hope which, now,
I must not allow
To discompose me so.
Come, come, Oblivion ! like some kind friend,
And tenderly, with thy dark wing, end
My wildly rapturous dreaming.
'Tis best ! Oh, yes ! 'tis best, I know !

Written in the Album

OF AN ESTEEMED LADY FRIEND OF AUTAUGAVILLE, ALA.

LADY ! lover of dear, gentle song,
And all that's pure and sweet,
In this fair, flashing life, along
Where'er shall press thy feet
May flowers ever freshly spring,
And every good and lovely thing
Their Queen attend and greet.

Thy breast, I know, was never cold,
The magic Muses warm thy heart ;—
A thousand years, thou art not old,
For youth and song can never part !
Thy frame may waste by slow decay,
But song shall fling the years away,
And young shall be thy soul !

To the Same.

LADY ! 'tis not for minds like thine
To be enchanted by a line ;
They find their pleasure in the face
Of heaven !—the smiling stars,
Which shine in pure, unconquer'd place,
Unmoved by Passion or its wars !

An Acrostic.

INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS. DANIEL STEELE, OF
AUTAUGA COUNTY, ALA.

LIE gently in thy little grave,
L Unto earth resign'd thy form,
Cold Death had marked thee, none could save,
Yet thy soul he could not harm.

Sweetly there light winds are sleeping ;
Tenderly there the dews are weeping ;
On thy little tomb they fall
Noiseless as thy spirit's call,
Ever freshly, daisies keeping.

Sweet the spot, on earth the dearer,
Thus binding hearts with pledges nearer :
Even there, when death and love
Eternal' join our souls above,
Loved ones shall rest our bodies down,
Ever mingling with thine own !

RESPONSIVES.

Dedicated

AS A TESTIMONIAL

OF LASTING FRIENDSHIP AND REGARD

TO

CAPT. CHARLES L. GILMER,

OF CANTON, MISS.



The Gentle Stream that Sweetly Stole.

BEING A REPLY TO "WE PARTED BY THE RIVER'S SIDE."

I

THE gentle stream that sweetly stole
Its course in music to the sea,
But copied from my ardent soul
My flowing love, fond one, for thee ;
The broad, round moon, with silvery smile,
The stars that twinkled high,
Were witness that no thought of guile
Should mingle with good-by.
For, oh, I knew thy heart was mine,
Though parting, then, by land and sea ;
And, oh, I felt my soul was thine,
And fondly evermore should be !

II.

I trembled when I held thy hand
And gazed into thy sweet, blue eye,
For, oh, I shrank from Fate's command,
Which seem'd our very faith to try ;

But when I kiss'd thy tear-dimm'd cheek
And drank thy gentle sigh,
'Twas then fond Hope found voice to speak
The parting word, good-by !
For, oh, I knew thy heart was mine,
Though parting, then, by land and sea ;
And, oh, I felt my soul was thine,
And fondly evermore should be !

III.

In joy we've met, my darling bride,
And life seems now a blooming bow'r ;
Yet still I love the river's side—
'Tis hallow'd by that parting hour.
For there—yes, there—my breast did learn,
What time no more shall try,
How hard, sweet Love, it is to turn
From thee with sad good-by !
Forever now thy heart is mine—
My pride, my hope, is fixed in thee—
Our lives shall mingle, mine with thine,
And part no more by land and sea !

Written in an Album

BENEATH A BEAUTIFULLY PAINTED ROSE.

THIS rose, now blooming on this leaf
So lovely and so fair,
Is like your picture in my heart
That shines so sweetly there;
And, oh, whene'er you see this rose
You must remember, dear,
My love is woven with its leaves,
And clings forever here!

Oh! Ne'er let thy Soul be Desponding.

A REPLY TO "A PLACE IN THY MEMORY, DEAREST!"

I.

OH! ne'er let thy soul be desponding,
When to what thou art,
Affection is fondly responding
From halls of my heart;—
'Twill matter not where thou shalt wander,
Still, dearest, thy name shall be,
The love-streaming star I shall ponder
In the sky of memory!

II.

When thinkest thou thunders have blighted
Thy life and undone,
Remember the stricken oak lighted
By smile of the sun;—
Remember the green ivy twining
In affection around its form,
Will woo by its tender reclining
The rage from the angry storm!

III.

Thus, thus, should dark clouds be glooming,
And winds wildly howl,
Shall my fond love about thee be blooming
And cheering thy soul ;
For, dearest, through pain or through pleasure,
Through life, till my latest breath,
Thy name I shall claim as a treasure,
And relinquish but in death !

IV.

As pure as the airs which are playing
In the golden West,
Shall my fondest prayers ever be straying
For thee from my breast ;
As a brook in the broad desert streaming,
As a star on the lonely sea,
As the bow on the cloud brightly beaming,
Such, dearest, I'll be to thee !

Lines

COMPOSED ON THE RECEPTION OF A BEAUTIFUL COPY OF
SHAKSPEARE'S WORKS, PRESENTED TO THE AUTHOR BY
MRS. E. T. W., OF MADISONVILLE, MISS.

LADY! if thy curious eyes had scann'd o'er
The extensive library of the Printed World,
Thy generous hand never could have found
A volume vicing, in my profound regard
For stimulating Thought and magnifying Soul,
With this fair copy of Shakspeare's works,
By thee presented and by me received,
For which I fain would leave some record here
Of high appreciation and showering thanks.
Shakspeare! who can rival him in his flights
And proud passages—the Mercury of the mind!
Springing suddenly from Poverty's lap,
Like bright Minerva from the head of Jove;
Arrayed in Fancy's fine habiliments,
With each keen weapon of conquering soul,
He went walking o'er the fair face of Nature,
Timing his footsteps to his own sweet numbers,
Pausing but to pluck illustrious thoughts
From the Valley's breast and the Mountain's brow;

Or from commotions of childish man to draw
Enduring images of God's own truth,
Which the throbbing spirit, that enlivens
The broad beauties of the endless universe,
The land, the sea, sun, moon, and stars and clouds,
Had nursed, like wild flowers, profusely there.
Wonderful man! the existence of thy mind,
In its consummate glory, pervading
With its splendor each playground of the Muse,
Seems rather the rich conflagration
Of some burning dream than poetic art,
By labor carried to high perfection!
Noble bard! thy pictures, painted in the tone
And fervid figure of immortality,
Shall rival their prototype in teasing time,
And claim fresh homage from each coming year;
For while the generations of men shall pass,
And the circling globe along its orbit fly,
Among all nations and in every clime,
Upon every shore and upon every sea,
Thy name shall be familiar as the living air!—
Thy fame multitudinous as the stars of heaven!

My Soul would Drink of Music Now.

SUGGESTED BY LORD BYRON'S "MY SOUL IS DARK."

I.

MY soul would drink of music now ;
Minstrel ! play some gentle strain,
'Twill steal the fever from my brow—
'Twill cool my burning brain.
Then string the harp ! let numbers low
In moonlit air be thrown—
Mine eyes shall let their waters flow,
My heart its love shall own !

II.

Oh ! when the trembling soul is dark,
The world looks darker still ;
But Hope will rise, like morning lark,
At music's melting thrill !
'Tis like the breeze that cheers the bark
O'er bounding billows borne ;
The gushing gale will swell the sail,
Unless too sadly torn.

III.

The harp is strung--the numbers low
In moonlit air are thrown ;
I hear their mingling sweetness flow
In sad yet silvery tone.
Minstrel ! my breast grows calmer now—
Now fade my cares and fears,
And now my heart, that trembled so,
Dissolves itself in tears !

Verses

IN REPLY TO A POEM ENTITLED "GOOD-NIGHT," BY MRS.
V. F*****, OF BRANDON, MISS.

I.

FAIR Poetess ! let me thank you
For those dear, gentle lines,
Which now, like flowers blooming
Among the leafless vines,
Lie softly in my stricken heart
And fill my breast with joy,
While Memory's tongue is telling there
How mother loves her boy.

II.

Oh ! may those tender tones of thine
Be never, never still,
For they were born within thy heart,
And breathing its deep thrill ;
They touch fond souls, like morning airs
That kiss the song-bird's nest
So softly, that with filmed eyes
She pours her tuneful breast !

III.

Embodied in their music floats
A voice of love so sweet,
That, when they wake the Wanderer's ear,
He stops his wayward feet,
And turns to bless that faithful One,
Whose every whispered breath
Is still the prayer that God would guard
Her son through life and death !

IV.

Thy harp is always sweetly strung—
Its chords are fondly free ;
But, oh ! they sound sweetest when
Their trembling tells to me
Of mother's love !—that only joy
On earth to mortals given,
Which keeps the soul forever young
And points the path to Heaven !

V.

Fair One ! oh, strike those notes again,
For when I hear their chime
A calmness fills my breast like that
Which steals o'er earth sublime,
When Day has pillowed his faint head
On Western clouds to sleep,
And Twilight, with her starry feet,
Is dancing on the deep !

Oh! how Joyous is my Dreaming.

SUGGESTED BY THE SONG, "OH, MY HEART IS GLADLY
BEATING."

I.

OH, how joyous is my dreaming
When rapturous Beauty's eye
Upon my heart is gleaming,
As the bow gleams in the sky!
My soul with Hope then blooming,
Like wreaths which the May-queens twine,
Dispels all wintry glooming
And revels in sunshine!

II.

How the future Fancy livens,
Sweetly sparkles as the sea,
When the star-beams leave the heavens
To watch the mermaids' glee,
If song, the while, but lingers
Like a glory in mine ear,
And notes from ivory fingers
Awake each joy sincere!

The Rose.

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF A LADY WHO REPRESENTED THIS FAVORITE FLOWER ON A GALA MAY DAY.

I AM the Rose, whose ruby lip
The gentlest breezes sigh to sip.
When young Night walked on twinkling feet,
To murmuring winds and waters sweet,
And birds that poured their song in showers
I stole, as softly as fond prayer
From saintly souls, among the bowers,
And filled the world with fragrant air !
The morning's beaming blushes shine
To cheer this gentle heart of mine ;
And when day melts in melting blue,
And fondly falls the falling dew,
The starbeams gild my dreamy dress
With such a glow of loveliness
That weary, watching angels rest
Their burning bosoms on my breast !
My birth, my life, my tints so dear,
Like fond Affection's trembling tear,
When beaming Hope, with sunny care,
Lights up the bow of promise there,
Might claim a crown,—but thine hath been
Far purer, and I hail thee—Queen !

I'll Keep my Heart for Thee.

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF MISS BETTIE B*****
OF FLORENCE, ALA.

THY song so sad, yet sweet and dear,
The prayer thy soul doth breathe,
Shall in my soul like tendrils cling
And Memory's garland wreathe;
And, oh, where'er my life is cast,
On land, or stormy sea,
Remember, as I say—farewell!—
I'll keep my heart for thee!

No giddy rounds in circles gay,
No flatteries shall twine,
My throbbing breast with purer love
Than blooms for thee and thine;
And though my life is cold and dark,
Though storms above me be,
Oh! I shall live to love and hope
I'll keep my heart for thee!
(98)

We may not meet again, 'tis true,
But, oh, within my breast
I'll gently fold thy tender love,
And rock it there to rest ;
Absent or present, it is the same,
In sadness or in glee,
In sorrow, joy, in life, in death,
I'll keep my heart for thee !

Come ! Come, my Claud !

SUGGESTED BY THOMAS MOORE'S

“ Row gently here,
My gondolier.”

I.

COME ! Come, my Claud,
'Tis Cupid's fraud
To dare yet seem to fear ;
While parents sleep
Oh ! come and creep
Into my chamber dear.
But touch my lips of love with thine
And I'll awake for thee ;—
Oh ! sweetly, love, the stars shall shine
To guide us o'er the sea.

II.

Hush ! hush, my heart,
And do not start
When bright Hope thrills thee so ;
(100)

Let not a sound
Be heard around—

Sweet thoughts, oh! softly flow
While my Claud comes with loving smile
And claims his bride in me;
Step lightly, feet!—farewell, old pile!
With love I'm on the sea!

Oh! if that Crimson Bird can Charm.

BEING A REPLY TO A SONG ENTITLED "OH! LIST NOT
TO THE CRIMSON BIRD."

I.

OH! if that Crimson bird can charm
This anxious ear of mine,
'Tis that he sings of guileless hearts—
Of hearts, sweet love, like thine!
If watch I Twilight's thousand eyes
That twinkle so divine,
'Tis but to pour my purest prayer,—
That prayer, sweet love, is thine!

II.

The darling tints of Nature's glow,
As tenderly they twine,
But emblem forth my throbbing hope,—
That hope, sweet love, is thine!
My pride, my joy, my heart, my soul,
What'er my life combine,
Reply but to one precious name,—
That name, sweet love, is thine!
(102)

When the Winds are Wailing Sadly.

SUGGESTED BY "NEAR THE BANKS OF THAT LONE
RIVER."

I.

WHERE the winds are wailing sadly,
O'er the green and grassy mould,
Sleeps the heart that once so gladly
Beam'd in beauty on my soul!
Closed that eye whose modest glory
In each glance affection told,
When I faltered forth the story
Which was dearest to my soul!

II.

Sleep ! yes, sleep on 'neath the flowers,
Fairest that the grave can fold ;
And may years, like fleeting hours,
Swiftly vanish o'er my soul.
Like an April day, whose shining
Clouds of somber hue withhold,
Must my breast be, in repining,
Till we mingle soul with soul !

A Response to the Call of Conserbatism.

INSCRIBED TO CAPT. WILLIAM KOBBE, OF N. Y.

WHAT banner is that, so gallant and free,
Now floating so proudly over land and the
 sea,
With its stripes of white and its field of blue,
And its glittering stars and its red stripes too?
Oh, that is the flag our fathers reared,
Oh, that is the flag our fathers cheered,
When from their fair land, and 'long the high
 seas,
They rolled back on England her sulphurous
 breeze !
And that is the flag we abandoned in power
When blinded by frenzy in passion's red hour.
Though the world has forsaken, lo ! still it ex-
 tends
Its silvery folds, and it claims us *friends* !
Old flag, we are coming, in love once again,
To rally around thee and ever remain.

Through the smiles of peace, through the thunders of wars,

Our hearts shall be true to the light of thy stars.

Old flag, may you flap—old bird, may you scream

The alarm when the lightnings of foes shall gleam,

And Freedom forsake you—no, never!

Old flag, though bathed in my blood and my tears,

Old flag, may you float for a thousand years—

Old flag, may you float forever!

NOTES.

(107)

NOTES.

I.

THE BATTLE OF FRANKLIN.

"Hood, confident of success, boldly advanced to the attack on the last of November, and the Battle of Franklin commenced."

"The rebels, though the canister and grape of the close batteries cut frightful lanes through their ranks, refused to yield an inch of the ground they had so gallantly won, and a gladiatorial contest followed, in which the combatants stood face to face, thrusting their bayonets into each other's bosoms—and with clubbed muskets, and demoniacal yells, fought in the deepening twilight more like savages than civilized men."—Extract from "*The Great Rebellion*," by J. T. Headley, vol i. page 538.

The Battle of Franklin was, beyond all doubt, the most splendidly contested field of the late civil war. The multitudinous valor which the ever-memorable engagement developed would more than match the accumulated heroism of ages. It stands alone in the annals of the four bloody years like some crimson battlement of imperishable proportions, reared by the hands of gigantic martyrs, to tell all posterity of the glory of Southern valor, as well as the illustrious and complete sacrifice of "self" to the call of patriotism and devotion. The poem, which here attempts to celebrate the mighty engagement, was composed, in part, just previous to the conclusion of the rebellion; when I submitted it to the scrutiny of Major Harry Innis Thornton and Captain Stark H. Oliver, both gallant officers and perfect gentle-

men, and for whose opinion on any subject connected with literature I entertained the highest respect.

Their remarks, when they had given it examination, emboldened me to pass it to the public print in Mobile; and accordingly, Mr. Balentine, the then highly accomplished, generous, and gentlemanly editor of the *Tribune*, gave the poem insertion.

With some slight alterations, and enlarged to twice its original length, it now, however, for the first time makes what may be termed its complete appearance.

II.

“Till in the Tropics, and in the Snow.”

When I composed this line I had a circumstance in my mind which I believe is as peculiarly poetic as any which I can now remember to have transpired while I followed “the profession of arms.” The “Army of Tennessee” commenced moving from Florence, Ala., for Nashville, when the weather was cold and settled. It would have been impossible to have carried forward the memorable pieces of artillery had it not been for the regular freezing of the roads throughout each night. We had been in motion for several days, and finally reached a continued range of rising ridges just aside from the commencement of the Columbia Turnpike. The day was unusually cold, cloudy, and biting, and the worn and weary regiments were slowly winding their way, like a wounded serpent, up the ascent, when the snow suddenly commenced falling more thickly than I had ever before witnessed. Brigadier-General James T. Holtzclaw, who was riding leisurely along at the head of our regiment, at once seemed to brighten the expres-

sion of his face, and in a tone of voice extremely cheerful and inspiring, repeated the glorious verse,—

“The evening shades were falling fast,
When through Alpine hills there pass’d
A youth, who bore, ’mid snow and ice,
A banner with this strange device—Excelsior!”

The effect was instantly felt by all who heard it, and the beloved commander was answered with a hearty shout.

III.

“’Twas on the Harpeth’s bloody marge.”

Probably it is hardly necessary for me to state to the reader that the little City of Franklin is situated on Harpeth River.

IV.

“Where the locust grove still thickly stands
And lifts on high its leafless hands.”

I take great pleasure in acknowledging how much gratified I am to know that these lines are warmly admired by my old school-fellow and intimate friend from early boyhood, Mr. William F. Watson. I appreciate his praise, because I am acquainted with the impulses of his heart. But to the note.

The reader is requested to remember that I have here employed the poetic license of shifting the scene of the heroic death of Clebourne and others from the “gin-house” to the “grove,” as there is certainly very little in any idea of the former either to excite the imagination or to engage the fancy; nor indeed do I believe that I have, by this liberty, detracted from that fidelity

in the description at which I profess to have sincerely aimed.

The fall of any hero in battle develops not only a glory for the particular spot where he fell, but mingles the radiance of his renown with the *whole field of combat*; just as the sun not only illumines the precise point on the horizon where he "presents his fire," but scatters the pervading splendor of his beam throughout the universe!

V.

"Revenge and valor strove to part."

General Clebourne, on an occasion of some enthusiasm in a little village of Alabama, during the Tennessee campaign, and while the army rested from the march, declared that he fought for "revenge."

I was present at the time, with hundreds of other line officers, and thousands of soldiers, who well remember the impulsive and throbbing words of the mighty chief-tain, and how cheering, at that particular period, they were to the worn and weary spirits of the toiling army.

Clebourne was incontestably one of the greatest commanders which the pressure of the bloody years developed. Ever ready for duty—frank, free, brave, and generous, he maintained his course along the shining tract of honor, and finally fell in the heart of battle at Franklin, as sublimely as the last colossal column of some temple of antiquity before the convulsions of an earthquake.

VI.

For he fell in the dear familiar yard
Of his native home."

Perhaps I should mention that the conclusion of the poem essays to memorize the splendid culmination of Captain Carter's career in the home of his youth, and on the very playground of his boyhood—a fact which was familiarly known and spoken of at the time by the whole Army of Tennessee.

VII.

"Ambition, Honor, Virtue, Love,
Like sentinels surround the grove,
And guard with never-ceasing care
The quiet sleep of heroes there!"

These last four lines have been highly complimented by Mr. W. Lee Wilkins, of Lake Station, Miss., and of the firm of Dowd, Wilkins & Co., a gentleman whose ideas I not only respect, but of whose partiality and friendship I feel both grateful and proud; and I would here gladly acknowledge how warmly I appreciate the many manifestations of his kindness and favor which he has extended to me. May he long live a pure and happy ornament to his family and to the circles of friendship.

The lines were suggested to my mind by that beautiful verse,—

"On Fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead!"—

being a part of a poem composed by a distinguished Kentuckian on the occasion of the collocation and transplantation of illustrious dead from the fields of Mexico to the soil of their native State.

OCCASIONAL POEMS.

I

THE SAILOR BOY'S REPLY.

When I composed this poem I had just finished the study of Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," and was so taken with it that this piece may be merely considered as an attempt to write something after the manner or rhythm of that charming poem.

I am aware that my little hero talks boldly for a "boy," and that the poem has other palpable and glaring defects, which I could probably now correct; but it is associated with my earliest years in poetical composition, and so I give it as originally written in my eighteenth year. If the nerves of the stoical critic are too much shocked at this declaration of my persistency, let him divide some of his spleen with my friend Mr. George W. Jones, of Lake Station, Miss., whom I consulted in the matter, and who replied to the interrogation, "George, would you publish it as it is, change it, or would you publish it at all?" "Well, Jim, I'd publish the poem just as it is. I do not think you've made your 'Sailor Boy' talk any too rapturously or 'knowingly;' indeed, he talks exactly as he should, if he would match in his 'knowing way' with the 'chaps' raised during the war."

II.

THE LITTLE GIRL AT SPANISH FORT.

The circumstances upon which this poem is founded may be received as true. It was composed during the siege, and while the very air was palpitating with showering shot and shell. Dr. Robert J. Turner, assistant surgeon of the regiment to which I belonged, coming up to the redoubt, told me of this little girl, who had crossed over from the western shore to inquire among the members of Gen. R. L. Gibson's brigade whether her father was really killed, as reported. He remarked that it was a fine subject for a feeling poem, and hoped that I would praise her in some public print. I promised him that I would do so; and in an hour after read the poem as presented in this volume. Col. Bush Jones was so pleased with it that he requested a copy to present to his distinguished sister-in-law, Miss Augusta Evans, of Mobile, since married.

I have always regretted that I did not learn the name of the superbly gallant and glorious little girl, for it deserves to be placed, in imperishable honor, by the side of Mrs. Hemans's *Cassabianca*, who perished in the flaming canvas!

III.

MONTICELLO.

This poem I composed while a student-at-law in the University of Virginia, 1859-60. With some little change of expression in the last verse, I have preserved the poem exactly as it appeared in the University magazine, over the signature "Du Halde," as being the gushing impression of my heart after visiting the tomb of the Great Declarer.

Mr. Turner Clanton, of Montgomery, Ala., was my

companion, and will doubtless remember what a toilsome walk we had. The winding road, and so steep in various places, is hard to climb; but the noble impulses which will fill the heart of the contemplative, the generous breath of the mountain air, and the superb view of the nestling valleys of Albemarle, will more than repay the trouble of the journey. Monticello is an unfailing source of inspiration to the students at Charlottesville, as well as to others older and wiser all over the world. One of the finest allusions I have ever heard was made by the distinguished Mr. Voorhees, in delivering the commencement oration. After, in some cursory remarks, stating his sympathetic love for his free fellow-countrymen, which overleaped the boundaries of State lines, he expressed his especial satisfaction in mingling with them in "old Virginia," "where the very air is redolent with the history of Freedom" (and now gazing through the chapel window toward Monticello), "and while the 'burning bush,' in whose branches the God of Liberty first glowed, still blazes in full view from where I stand!"

IV.

—"Next noblest dust."

My intention here is to place the great Jefferson only after the immaculate Washington, in accordance, as I believe, with the confirmed and settled opinion of the world.

Whoever is second, none can be first but Washington. Whenever I hear the name of the ever-illustrious and beloved patriot, almost unconsciously I repeat the verse of Lord Byron,—

"Where may the weary eye repose
When gazing on the great,
Where neither guilty glory glows
Nor despicable state," etc.

RESPONSIVES.

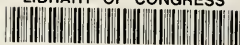
I.

Many of the poems which appear under this heading were composed while I was a resident of Madisonville, Miss.

If the bright eyes of the beautiful Alice, or the accomplished Viola, should perchance glance upon these pages, they will, no doubt, remember the careless and hasty compositions, which would hardly have been preserved, and certainly not published, but for the high compliments which it pleased either to bestow upon them. I can now reflect that I had determined to abandon even the remotest attempts at poetical composition; nor is it probable that I would have fallen through my determination, had it not been that my time was gliding as sweetly as the changes of a dream; and my situation and associations were so peculiarly pleasant and fortunate for the cultivation of sentimental feeling and expression. Of the hospitable family of Thomas J. Smith, Esq., I had the honor, during my residence there, to be a temporary member: enjoying the daily society of the warmest-hearted man whom I ever knew; his wife, the very model of amiability and sweetness of disposition; while the loving natures of his generous children were perpetually fastening in my breast a living feeling of interest, friendship, and love which can only perish with the last vibrations of trembling mortality. Such agreeable circumstances as these awakened a sort of placitude and languor of happiness, if

I may so express it, which naturally led me into romantic contemplation and melancholy. The immediate impulse, however, to the composition of those poems, which may properly be termed "Responsives," originated in my own ardent love for music. There lived in the little village which I have before mentioned, a lady exquisitely accomplished in this regard, with whom I was often associated, and in whose society I have experienced some of the happiest hours of my life. The climax of enjoyment to me was to hear this lady sing. Over and over again would I solicit the cherished airs; until, upon an occasion of like request, she positively refused to sing the "old, old words," remarking, "Indeed, I think, as I have sung for you so often, that you might afford to furnish me with new words suited to your several favorite airs." "Upon this hint I spake;" and the reader here finds the effect of the pleasant and agreeable task which was imposed, however nicely or clumsily executed.

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